



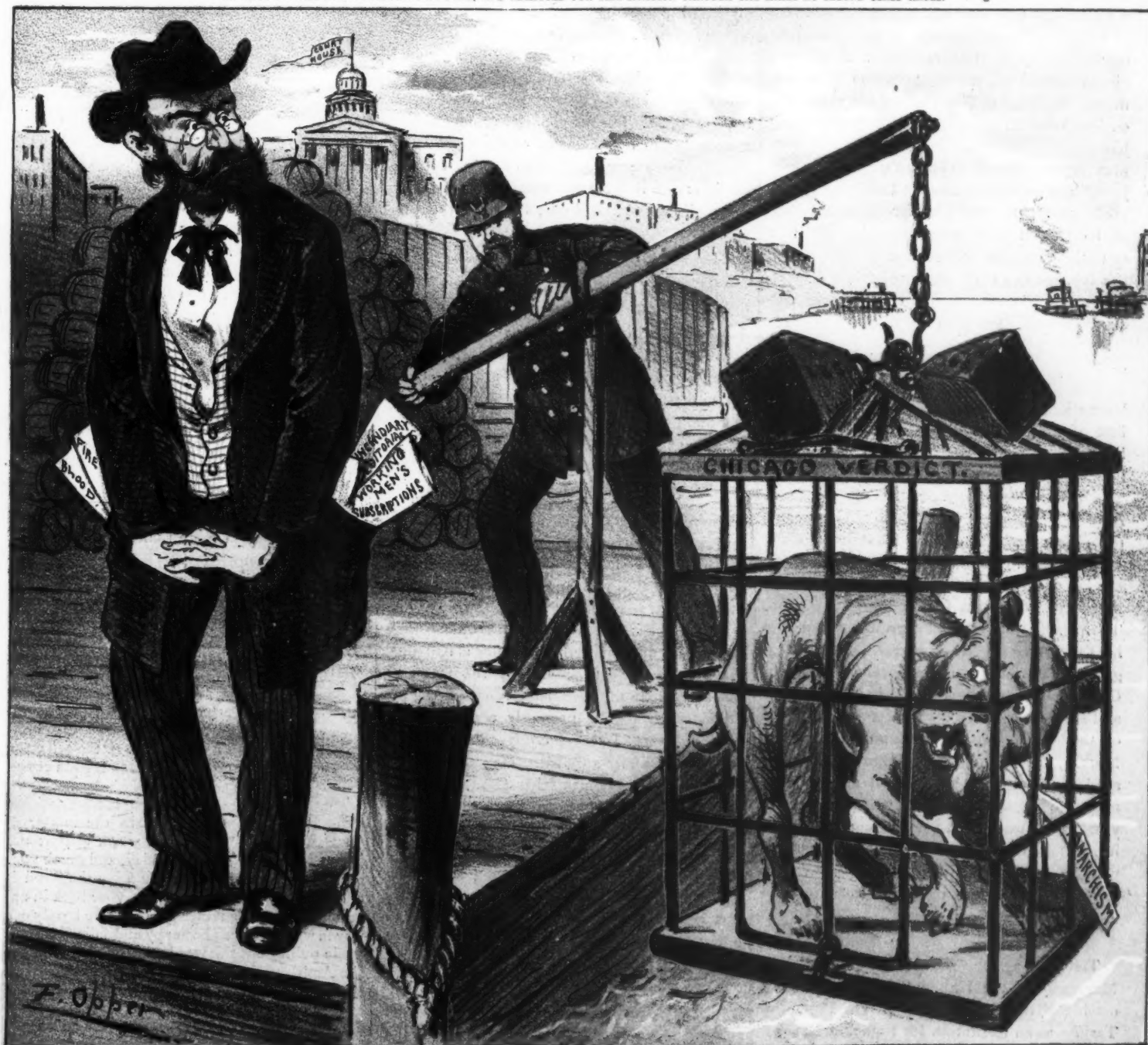
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

2



THE ONLY MOURNER—THE ANARCHIST EDITOR.



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:

PUCK BUILDING,

Southwest Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets,
NEW YORK CITY.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Attention is called to the fact that every issue of Puck is specially copyrighted, and its contents protected by law. We have no objection to the reprinting of paragraphs and articles, where full credit is given; but we cannot permit the reproduction of our pictures, except by special arrangement with us.

INDEX TO VOLUME XIX.

is now ready, and can be had on application at this office, without charge, or will be mailed to any address gratis.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WITH this number PUCK begins his twentieth volume, and reaches the half-mile post on the tenth year of his existence. And as we close volume XIX, the latest cartoon, illuminating the last page of No. 494, starts a somewhat curious train of thought. Mr. Oppen's merry jest pictures America's best-known cartoonists pleading with Death to leave them a few "subjects," and protesting against the havoc he has made among the old familiar faces that have so long been their stock-in-trade. It is a quaintly humorous conception of our artist; but it suggests a truth of more serious import. The necrology of nine years and a half tells a curious and interesting story.

Through death, and otherwise, what changes have taken place in our political life since the first of March, 1877! Of the presidents who have held office during the nine years and a half, two, Grant and Garfield, are dead; one, Mr. Arthur, lives, far more generally liked and respected than when he first entered the capitol. The president who did not hold office, Mr. Tilden, is dead, having lived to see a Democrat in the place he himself sought rather for his party's good than from personal ambition. The person who was not a president, but who held the office, Mr. R. B. Hayes, now raises inglorious hens in ignoble retirement at Fremont, Ohio. Of the politicians, good and bad, great and small, how many have put away the affairs of this world forever!—Chandler, Stephens, Morton, Colfax, John Kelly, Hendricks—these are but a few of the names that are now only names to us, and that meant much a brief ten years ago. Among the living, Cameron, Conkling, Robeson and the great host that made variegated political history during Grant's two terms are now simply private citizens, more or less conspicuous.

Ten years ago the name of the present Chief Magistrate of the United States was unknown outside of the city of Buffalo. The Protective Tariff was an institution for time and eternity,

and the Republican who questioned its value was a blasphemer. The ex-Confederate States were treated like conquered provinces, and the rule of the carpet-bagger in the South was opposed only by the Ku-Klux. Political corruption had reached a height undreamt of before. The people had handed the control of their affairs over to the politicians, and had reserved no rights that the lowest "henchman" was bound to respect. The late war was a live issue, and Civil-Service Reform was a joke.

When we stand off at this distance and look at such facts—facts all of them, that not even partisan prejudice will now deny—we begin to realize the truth that things are different to-day. We have a president, elected, not on grounds of party policy; but on a clear issue of conscience: a president whose motto is that public office is a public trust, and who strives conscientiously to live up to his professions. The tariff question is a theme for rational discussion among both Republicans and Democrats. The South is a loyal and integral part of the Union, peaceful and prosperous. Political corruption is checked at the seat of government, and even in this ring-ridden city of ours it is sometimes punished with deprivation of office and even with penal imprisonment. The people are learning to take a hand in the management of their public affairs. The late war is as dead as Pharaoh, and Civil-Service Reform has come to stay. This is not all that we could ask; but this is the work of one decade only.

Altogether, the latter half of PUCK's tenth year begins with brighter prospects for the American people than they have known in his brief life. And as his old friends and foes, among public men, slip away from the reach of pen and pencil, he may fairly congratulate himself upon having done his share, after his own fashion, of the ten years' work that has made so hopefully for political righteousness and the awakening of America's citizens.

It is much easier, in this mundane life, to steer by principle than to shape one's course by policy. But this is a practical truth that the practical politicians will never learn. Governor Hill has just made his policy do him a good turn, after it had done him a bad one. Having been "cautioned" by the press, he has saved himself from being ruled off the political race-track by promptly acquiescing in the judgement of Mayor Grace. This is policy, and we cheerfully admit it. He has got out of an awkward position in fairly good style. But why need he have got himself into the awkward position? When Gov. Hill signed the bill changing the aqueduct commission, he made a political alliance with a promising bossocracy recently started in New York. The bossocracy was a failure, and most of its members are going to Sing Sing. Mr. Hill may point with pride to the fact that he cut his associates almost as soon as the most notorious among them were indicted. But why should he ever have had any connection or association whatever

with these men? Policy led him into that scrape. Would not principle have been a safer guide?

Mr. Hill is supposed to be emulous of the success of a certain public man, who, having gained the confidence of the people as Mayor of a city and Governor of a State, was lately elected to the presidency of the United States. Mr. Hill perhaps does not see why he also may not step from a governorship to the presidency, if he can only make himself popular enough. There is no reason why he can not—except that it is not so easy to become really popular, if to gain popularity means to win the confidence of the people. Mr. Hill forgets that the cause of his predecessor's success did not lie in playing popular tricks, but in doing what he thought right, whether the public liked it or no. Thus he showed the public that he was a man to be trusted. The people might disagree with him; but they respected him. And this method was not a matter of policy—it was mere adherence to principle. We fear it is far too simple to appeal to a practical politician like Governor Hill.

The three affectionate emperors who occasionally meet and kiss one another on both cheeks at small German watering-places, may fairly be credited with having had a hand—or perhaps a foot—apiece in the expulsion of the ambitious Alexander from his Bulgarian palace. Whether, now that he is expelled, they look upon their achievement with entire complacency, is more than doubtful. They have got rid of a prince well-known for his anti-Russian tendencies; but they have stirred up a strongly anti-Russian spirit among the people thus unceremoniously deprived of their ruler. There is such a thing as too much diplomacy. If England's Foreign Office is not seized with a sudden fit of smartness, and England is not moved to interfere and make the usual British mull of matters, Russia may find that in her underhand intervention in Bulgarian affairs, she has, to use the expressive figure of our own dear Republican land, bitten off more than she can conveniently masticate.



"INDUSTRY HAS well been likened to the hardy Alpine plant," says the *Sun*. This is all wrong; it should have been likened unto the tall weed that grows in the tomato-bed of the city man who is summering in the country. We don't know the name of the tall weed in Latin, or in plain everyday English; but we know it is simply industry with a capital I in the matter of growing. You pull it out on Monday, and break your back in so doing; about Thursday the weed is taller than ever, and you break your back in another place pulling it out again. There is only one way in which you can be happy and full of laughter while pulling out this weed, which is harder than the Alpine plant itself, and that is to pull it with one hand, while in the other you hold that unique and peerless publication known to the world as PUCK ON WHEELS. Price, twenty-five cents.

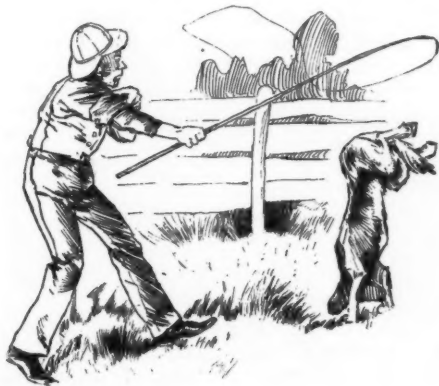


BREAKING A SETTER.

ONCE upon a time I decided that I would become a mighty hunter. So I went and bought a twelve-gauge choke-bored English breech-loader with a top-lever action. I also bought a wheelbarrow cargo of loading utensils, none of which ever proved to be of any use to me except a rammer, a rimmer, and a combination shot-and-powder measure.

Then a friend told me I should pattern my gun on a thirty-inch circle to find out the best way of loading her. So he and I went out and banged away at thirty-inch circles drawn on brown wrapping-paper until we had used up about four dollars worth of powder, shot, wads and shells.

Then my friend said the gun would do very well with $3\frac{1}{2}$ drachms of powder with a pink-edged wad on it, and an ounce and a quarter of shot with a card-board wad. I was willing to take his word for it rather than knock the cover off my heart shooting at any more thirty-



inch circles. I was now ready to tackle game. My soul was hungry for game. So was my stomach.

But there was no use of my going out to kill the three woodcock in New Jersey without the aid of a valuable, full-blooded Irish setter. So I hunted for one. At last I saw an advertisement, announcing that a gentleman wished to sell a young and finely bred dog at a sacrifice, because he was going to remove to Hoboken, and didn't want to take the dog over there where dogs were a drug in the market.



I went and saw the dog. The gentleman said he was not broken, and was very young. I had read that every man should break his own dog, so I bought him. The gentleman told me his

THE TAKE-ONE FAMILY AT HOME.



GROCER.—I guess I'll have to change my sign on your account. Your children seem to think these are your family groceries!

name was Felix. I tied Felix to a string, and led him gently away.

Next morning I took him out, and began his instruction. The first thing to do was to teach him to come to me. I whistled for him and he came right away. I sent him off, and then said: "Here, Felix." He came not. I whistled and he came. I resolved that the dog's name should thereafter be Whistling Felix.

Then I proceeded to teach him the meaning of the words "Down charge." I never knew why gunners added the unnecessary word "charge" to that command, unless it was because they wanted to be constantly reminded that a good dog is an expensive luxury.



I whistled for Felix, and said: "Now, sir, down charge." Thereupon Felix turned his hind legs up in the air, and proceeded to gravely walk about on his fore paws. This struck me as being unnecessary, so I calmly whacked Felix with the whip.

Then the dog dropped as if he had been shot, rolled over on his back, and lay there as if he were dead.

"Get up!" said I.

The dog arose and began to limp about as if he were lame. I called him to me and examined his feet, but I could see nothing the matter with any one of them. I was becoming slightly angry at that dog. It irritated me to see a full-blooded Irish setter behaving himself in such an unseemly way. I reasoned with him. I told him that such conduct was highly unbe-

coming to a canine nabob like him, and begged him to remember his family pride. Then I said:

"Now, sir, I want you to obey me."

Thereupon he solemnly rose up on his hind-legs and began to waltz.

"Look here," I said: "do you take me for a dancing-master? I'll give you something to dance for."

I snapped my whip again, and the confounded dog lay down once more as if he were dead.

"Get up, you lunatic!" I shouted.

"What's the matter?" said a voice near me.

I turned, and beheld my friend, the shooting expert.

"This dog is crazy," I replied.

Then I repeated some of my former commands, and the dog did some more circus. My friend roared with laughter. I did not see anything to laugh at.

"What do you call him?" he asked.

"His name is Felix?"

"Here, Felix!"

The brute did not stir. My friend roared again. Then he said:

"Here, Gobbo!"

The dog wagged his tail and ran to him.

"From whom did you buy this dog?" asked the expert.

I told him.

"Well," he said, when he could stop laughing: "this dog is seventeen years old. His name is Launcelot Gobbo, and he used to be the trick-dog in a circus." TRICOTIN.





THE DOG-CATCHER'S SON.

AM a happy little boy,
Upon a slippery pole,
And you are a vicious little dog,
Barking with all your soul.

I feel as merry as one can feel
Who knows that he's at the
top;
So bark, little doggie, and bark
away;
When you're tired out, you'll
stop.

Stay right where you are and show your teeth,
I'll keep you here if I can,
For a little while, when along will come
My father, the dog-pound man.

He'll scoop you in, and he'll coop you up
And empty you in the sea;
And I'll slide down the slippery pole
And gather in half the fee.

STREET-CAR ETIQUETTE.

If the seats are filled and a lady enters the car, gentlemen will rise and offer a seat. To retain your seat, peer through the car-window as if you recognized some old acquaintance on the street whom you had not seen since boyhood; evince surprise and extreme delight. To do this, it requires good acting. Or become deeply interested in a newspaper, smiling occasionally to give people to know that what you are reading may be a revised chestnut or something similar. Of the two tactics the latter is the most beautiful.

Rise and offer your seat, even if it is 6.30 P. M., and you are limp and hungry after your day's toil.

Always board a car when it is crowded, when the driver and conductor are clinging to the dash-boards. The more the merrier. There is always room for one more, and it is a sad day when a street-car conductor does not recognize this rule.

In your haste and confusion on boarding a car, and you find it "jammed," be careful that you catch hold of the register strap. Three or four nervous jerks on the register strap are four beers thrown overboard.

Never fail to enter a street-car with a ten-dollar bill; if not a ten-dollar note, a five-dollar bill will answer. Have nothing less in your pocket than a two-dollar bill. Inwardly the conductor will get up a prayer meeting. A street-car conductor has no feelings.

If the conductor changes a bill of large denomination, do not blame him if he empties his

surplus small silver, of a day's gathering, into your lap. Bear it. It is your fault.

Street-car conductors are only human. Some people imagine that a street-car conductor is sheet-iron, riveted, and bound with steel bands. This is an error.

To avoid all of the above, take the "L" road. W. L. C.

THE PHRASE, "lightning rapidity," was probably first made use of by a man who thoughtlessly placed the hot end of a cigar in his mouth, and forgot just how quick he pulled it out again.

WHAT ARE party ends, Antonoe? We are not a political lexicon, dear girl, but we think Blaine came pretty near being the end of the Republican party not long ago. At least, he ended its twenty-four years' sway.

It is said that an ingenious mechanic once succeeded in placing the U. S. Constitution on a silver three-cent piece so that it could be clearly read with the naked eye. Dime-museums are now craving for the present-day genius who can do the same thing on an Iron Steam-boat sandwich.

A POPULAR DELICACY.

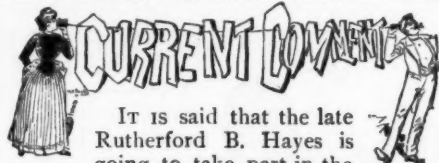


STRANGER (to Cincinnati butcher).—What's the price of bologna sausage?

BUTCHER.—Vell, abowit feefin tollar a hundert veight.

STRANGER.—How much is it a pound?

BUTCHER.—Vat! You puy bologna sausage by der single pound? You vas a stranger in Cincinnati?



It is said that the late Rutherford B. Hayes is going to take part in the Ohio fight. Probably in the capacity of bottle-holder.

THE IRISH LEAGUE should not be confounded with our base-ball combinations.

EVERYTHING is very quiet in the South. It is the watermelon season, and only occasionally can a voice be heard.

WHO WERE the Forty Thieves? We don't know, Lionel; we don't know. You must apply to some one who knows more about politics than we do.

It is said that a recent cyclone in Missouri blew the feathers clean off a chicken, and then blew the chicken through an open kitchen window in an adjoining county, right smack into a stew-pot. Curious things happen out West, and it is getting more so every year.

THE SO-CALLED "trout" of South Georgia and Florida is not a trout, but a black bass. Our perch are not perch, but sunfish. A jack is a pickerel. Catfish are not all catfish; some of them are bull-pouts. Our red-finned pike is only found in Southern waters and near the Gulf. Our war-mouthed perch is a rock bass. — *Quitman (Ga.) Free Press*. Yes, and our two-pound trout weigh less than a pound, and we buy them instead of catching them; and when David said "all men are liars," he meant when they talk about fish.

SONNET

TO COL. ROBERT INGERSOLL.

WITH gift of words to make the truth divine,
He came when creeds were dying or were dead,

And found the longing souls they left unfed,
Anhungered and athirst, and bade them dine.
Voltaire in weak dilutions served for wine,
And oleo-Darwin passed for meat and bread.
The thing was sure, at fifty cents a head,
And dollar seats reserved, to prove a mine.

He drew forth tears at little children's graves,
So big his heart was; and he loved so well
The meanest of his kind that when the knaves
That live on public plunder came to tell
How men reviled them, with the tact that saves,
He shared the boodle and abolished Hell.

LOUIS BELROSE, JR., (Belrose.)



FASHION NOTES.—COUNTRY STILES.

THE INCONSISTENT CABMAN.



When you arrive, the hackman in action is one of the liveliest sights in this animated metropolis.



When you have selected your hack, a great deal of your leisure time is taken up with the study of the hackman in repose.

THE FORCE OF HABIT AGAIN.

AN American dramatist, having been accused of borrowing some of the incidents of his last original play from the Bible, wrote as follows to the newspapers:

ED. OF *Lullaby*:

Dear Sir—My attention having been called to an article in your paper, wherein you bring against me the charge of plagiarism from the Bible, I would say that I never saw the work you mention until it was brought to my notice by yourself.

I have not yet had time to examine a copy, nor do I know the author, whose name does not appear on the title-page. I think I can easily establish the fact, however, that my play was already written long before the appearance of the book you quote, and that, consequently, if any charges of piracy are to be brought, I am not the guilty party. In fact, a mere cursory glance over the pages of the book revealed a startling similarity in the phrasing of certain passages, which can point to but one conclusion. I instance the speech: "Let him that is without sin amongst you, cast the first stone"—the closing speech of my third act, word for word.

Yours truly,
FAKE, Dramatist.

PARTICULAR PARAGRAPHS.

OUR E. C., the *American Agriculturist*, has been so kind as to let us into the mysteries of "Paralysis in Pigs." We should think a level-headed farmer would kill a pig just before it has its third stroke. We know a number of pigs that ought to have paralysis, and get the customary three strokes at once. If you don't believe it, get thee to a newsdealer without delay, and purchase a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS. Price, twenty-five cents. For sale everywhere.

THOMAS ALEXANDER, an authority on ornithology, tells us that the frigate-bird is the swiftest thing on wings, from which we feel sure that Mr. Alexander never saw the spring chickens fly off the counter on the train's stopping ten minutes for refreshments.

OUR E. C., *The Mail and Express*, probably by superior Fielding, recently collared Earl and Wilson in a game of base-ball, by a score of 13 to 12.

A SYMPATHETIC WESTERN paper enthusiastically speaks of Home-Rule being a sure pudding for Ireland. Probably a sort of plum Duffy affair.



And your faith in the hackman is sometimes terribly shaken.

TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

THE SENTIMENTAL poetical young lady is now aware of the fact that there is lots of golden-rod in pickle for her.

WESTERN SPECULATORS are attempting to get up a corner in whiskey. If they succeed, the price will be materially advanced. Lynch the scoundrels!

THE *Sun* tells us of various members of the New York B. B. C., who are college graduates. We don't well see how they could be giants of the diamond without a college education.

SENATOR FRYE has just been telling the natives of Houlton, Maine, how Blaine came to be beaten. It is rather late in the day for this sort of thing, when every one knows the why and wherefore of it—namely, that he didn't get votes enough.

HIGGINS'S GERMAN Laundry Soap is a great combination to capture the patronage of our Celtic and Teutonic citizens. It would now be in order for some enterprising brewer to make a similar haul by putting Dinkelbacher's Irish Beer on the market.

A WESTERN LOVE-LETTER.

OMAHA, Neb., July —, 1886.

My Dear Miss Kate:

When the grim hand of the dial fell like a flap-jack upon the unsuspecting hour of 4:30 P. M., yesterday, your letter unfolded itself like a beautiful panorama before my delighted vision, transfixing my soul with joy and gladness unspeakable, saturated my back-hair in a multitude of blushes, and gave me a sneaking sense of self-conceit and a delusion of magnitude and importance. It rattled the ten-pin balls of agitation down the alleyway of my affections, and knocked the stakes of stolid indifference into the middle of the most diabolical hereafter. It pied the set forms of I-don't-give-a-darn-whether-you-care-for-me-or-not, and filled my unpoetic soul with unutterable longings of an undefinable nature, longings in an ineffable manner.

But why raise such a smoke in burning the old rotten rail-fence that encloses my heart? For, of course, you already "gravitate to the conception;" or, to be more explicit, hump yourself on the oars of pious meditation, and stem the current of my remarks. Suffice it to say, that when I drink from the beer-glass of love, and read your name inscribed in the bottom thereof, it produces an intoxicating exhilaration of the most exasperating insubordination not previously experienced in any ordinary inebriation.

But let me calm myself and talk English for a few moments. When I heard that the angel of death hovered o'er the downy couch upon which rested the beautiful, sylph-like figure of the Kate of my affections, tear-drops of misery dashed against the window-pane of my soul, and from the remotest recesses of my premises there broke upon the midnight gloom the caterwaul of wretchedness and despair.

Yours till ordered below,

HANK WHITE WALTER.



When you arrive at the station and find that the express has just gone, you whoop around like mad for a few minutes, but generally wind up by paying the hackman, and a fee besides.

A PARADOX.

'Tis plain, the sword lies dead on
All men by tricksters led off;
Had Hedden had a head on,
He 'd now not have his head off.
N. S.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT JERSEYMAN.—A PARODY.



There is an ancient Jerseyman,
And he stoppeth one of three;
By thy bloodless face and skinny
hand
Now wherefore stopp'st thou
me?

He holds him by his button-hole:
"There was a town," quote
he:
"Where all are dead, or else
have fled,
'T was so mosquitowy!"

The frightened man sank on a stone,
He could not choose but hear;
He wished for board in a country town
And summer-time was near.

And thus spake on that bloodless man,
His face of parchment hue,
His skinny hand of dire command
All shriveled, worn and blue:



"There is a vale of sweet delight
In Jersey's wooded hills,
Where happy spirits sleep by night
Beside the murmuring rills.

"Where board is good, and gunning fine,
And everything most fair,
Nor mortal man has e'er beheld
A single 'skeeter there."

The spectre led him by the hand,
He could not choose but go
O'er marsh and rill and wooded hill
To the town of O-Rang-So.



Alone, alone, with never a moan
He wasted slowly away,
For winged monsters stalked about
Through all the livelong day.

They drilled his arms, they drilled
his legs,
They drilled his shoulders deep,
They drilled his very bones for blood
If he chanced but fall asleep!



Then spake he to the bloodless man:
"Why liedst thou to me?"
"I speak no lies to any one;
I spake the truth," quote he.



"There is the vale of sweet delight
Where happy spirits sleep—
That graveyard in yon silent dell."
The boarder's flesh did creep.



"I said that gunning here was fine,
That board was very good,
Shoot yonder buzzing insects—seek
Good boards in yonder wood."

The boarder trembled in affright:
"But why," he asked in fear:
"Saidst thou to me I would not find
A single 'skeeter here?"

The spectre laughed a fearful laugh
That filled his soul with dread:
"Thou silly fool, I spake the truth,
They are all marri-ed!"



* * *

There are two living skeletons,
They are stopping two of four;
Their skinny fingers beckon them
To Jersey's fearful shore!

E. FRANK LINTABER.



RANDOM REMARKS.

WE ARE told by a correspondent of the Hanover *Courier*, "How They Drink Beer in Spain." Perhaps they have a superior method of doing it over there, but we have neither the time nor the inclination to go over and try it. We know how beer is drunk in America, and that is good enough for us.

WE ARE told that singing teaches a person to breathe properly. That may be very true, but we once saw a man so fearfully and wonderfully interrupted in the middle of a ballad by a boot-jack, that he didn't breathe properly, or any thing like it, for ten or fifteen minutes.

THE NEW ORLEANS *Picayune* tells its readers "How to Eat a Watermelon." Perhaps we don't know what we are talking about, but we think such information would be superfluous, to say the least, in a land that is fairly reeking with negroes.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if the detached notes in music ought not to be called coupons?

THE POET that spares the golden-rod just now, spoils the child of his fancy.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.



"Shure, Michael, they only bees wan shmall sup o' th' porridge lift. Will Oi give it ter the pig, or th' childer?"

"Lave th' pig have ut, Mary Ann, faith th' kids 'll git th' binefit av ut, whin he 's kilt."

CURRENT COMMENT.

WE ARE asked by one of our most respected exchanges: "Should all persons try to learn vocal music?" No, they should not. Although we have poetic souls, and love the beautiful in art and nature, we don't think every one should undertake to learn vocal music. Art should be divided up, so that we may have painters and poets as well as vocalists. We think it would be all right to have the poets and painter students living on each side of us for a dozen houses, and let all the other houses in town take the vocalists. We should also love the churches that chime out tunes on Sunday, that strike you as being "Old Hundred" and "Pinafore" mixed up, if they could only be sent out to Dakota.

THE *American Kindergarten and Primary Teacher* tells us in its September issue, all about the "Punishment of Children." We think the article, which is a very interesting one, would be greatly enhanced in value if the yells of the children writhing under the gnarled wand of hickory were set down in musical notation, so that they could be played on the piano.

IT WOULD be a great thing for womankind if every lead-pencil had a starting point.

SEPTEMBER.



IT is now September according to the almanac. It is also Sept. according to nature, which just at present is smiling in its most gorgeous robes. All nature looks like a cataract of tomato omelette, being splashed lavishly about, and blended with vistas of blood-pudding. The G. R. is standing serenely by the wayside, dreaming like the policeman who only knows he is on duty when asked to take a drink. The wild clematis, that faint, delicate, spirituelle vine, is crawling along under the wild grape-vine like a man trying to hedge a bet.

And then there is the wild carrot lifting its lace-like pad for the kisses of the passing zephyr. But this carrot is not half so wild as the cow that has just eaten a chestnut-burr under the impression that it is a green apple. Ah, me! But that burr has given that cow some pointers on natural history. If nature could only sell the bright fabrics of her autumn loom, it would break up the Persian and Turkish rug business in Connecticut. Nature is now in its rubricated edition, and the woods are as full of chestnuts as a minstrel show.

The Welsh rabbit—called rarebit, because it isn't—darts from the coverts that will not be leafy much longer. He wants to get away from the Eistedfodd of the departing minstrel. He doesn't want his soul Eistedfodd in that way.

The empty nest is ripe now for plucking to adorn the wall or what-not. The duck that was hatched in the spring, quack, quack, is also ripe for plucking to adorn the table. He is best when stuffed like an ancient almanac—stuffed with ch-s-t n-ts.

The Katharine-dids and Katharine-did-nots are now fluting away in the trees to let us know that frost is near. We should rather learn about the approach of frost in a different way. We should rather have all the organ-grinders die to make us aware of the fact that summer has petered out. The dog-days have gone; but the dogs remain to bark the story, which isn't half as bad as barking the shins.

We are filled with music when we hear the unprotected notes of the curlew, and gaze upon the rosy apples which two months ago would curlew up like a shaving, a tiger lily, or a dog's tongue when he is gaping in the shade.

We must not forget to say a word or two of the sumach. As usual, it is on deck flaming away like the cook who lights the kindling-wood with kerosene, not wisely but too well, and with herself lights up the kerosenery for hundreds of yards around. The missing whippoorwill is getting ready to migrate to England to take his place in the rear end of the mechanical English novel.

The scarecrow has not yet shot his straw hat, and the crow floats over the fields with many a caw, looking down upon the pumpkins that blossom in the dust, but don't smell sweet for a cent until they are converted into pies.

The Bob White bobs about on the lower fence-rail, right under the corpulent sportsman who is sitting on the top bar eating a soft crab-apple, and admiring the gory aspect of nature. And just as sure as the old maid is the dried apple of the eye of him she smits, are we that summer has gone. Because our summer coat and vest are as good as new, while the trousers are as thin as farmer's coffee, and as fragile as the promise of a plumber.

The woods are painted red. It seems as though cocktails and claret punches have been rained prodigally upon all the foliage, turning it into a grand rum shrub or shrubbery. All nature is bathed in a dream. Let her bathe! let her dream! Let the purple melt into the holy hush, and keep on melting until the landscape is one grand stretch of trembling beauty, as highly colored as a crazy-quilt from here to the land of the midnight sun-flower.

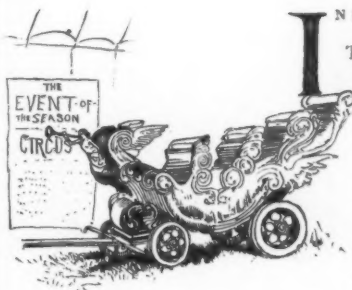
R. K. M.

THE *Philadelphia News* prints a picture of Alec, of Battenberg, in his regulation messenger-boy cap. He would be a better looking man if his ears didn't grow out of his collar-bone. "Pushed off the Throne" is the caption to the cut, and it is a wonder that he was not pushed off long ago, if his looks had anything to do with it. It is also a pity that the throne didn't roll over on him, and flatten him into a nice swinging sign.

AN EXCHANGE says that "Brother Blaine Opens the Ball in Maine." This will hurt him with the Prohibitionists. Our E. C. should also know better than to speak of "opening" balls. "Uncorking" would be better English.

AN EXCHANGE expresses the hope that the Anarchists will be put through with great speed. We, too, trust that the speed will be great. In the language of the sea, we trust it will amount to seven knots (under the left ear) in one hour.

ABANDONED.



I.
In solitude I see it stand,
Far from the trumpet's blare,
The wagon of the "circus band,"
Bright 'neath the noon-day glare,
As though a bird of plumage gay,
Wind-buffeted from out its way,
Had taken refuge there.

II.
The school-boy flings his satchel down,
And scales the fence to stare—
Unmindful of the hostler's frown—
At the red stranger, there
Detained, in lieu of coin or notes,
To pay for corn and hay and oats,
The stable's equine fare.

III.
Though the hot sun doth crack its paint,
An extra coat it begs,
Its gilded carvings, rudely quaint,
Now serve as harness-pegs;
Straws, scattered from the bursting loft,
Caught in its box, make hiding soft
For Dominick her eggs.

IV.
No plume-bedizened horses prance
Before its stirless wheels,
No troop of village-urchins dance
About those horses' heels,
No crimson-visaged "leader," drest
In military cap and vest,
Blows brazen-voiced appeals.

V.
Gone is the pageant's glory! Fled
As figments of a dream!
The rumbling vans of gold and red,
The trappings' tinselled gleam!
The emu and the sacred cow,
The elephants and camels now
Far-fading phantoms seem!

VI.
'Tis thus the glittering caravan
Of Life—that "fleeing show"—
Slow traveling its mortal span,
Is oft-times seen to throw
Some vehicle of song aside;
Witness, ye poets who have died,
Abandoned to your woe!

C. H. L.

SOLVING THE PROBLEM.



To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Knowing that the great trouble in aerial navigation has been the inability of the aeronaut to guide his craft, I turned my attention to the subject, and have produced an air-ship that can be guided in any direction by a slight use of reins and whip. I send you an instantaneous photograph of my affair, as it appeared going through the streets of my native village.

Yours,
JABEZ WATTLES,
East Windyville, Conn.

PUCK.





ANOTHER EXPLOSION IN THE AQUEDUCT—WHICH INTERFERES WITH A PROJECTED UNDERGROUND JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.
Gov. Hull.—Boys, if there's any more of that kind of dynamite in there, it's no place for me!

ART AT THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1886.

THE art-works in Washington, thanks to the munificence of our Congress, probably outweigh those of any city in the world. This is a circumstance to which we might "point with pride," were it not for a prejudice which exists in some quarters against the purchase of such treasures by the ton. Much loose criticism has been indulged in concerning these masterpieces, and I think it only fair to correct the unfavorable impression created by such talk. I cannot, in the short space allowed me, furnish a complete guide to art in Washington; but will confine myself to a brief description of some of its chief glories.

Let us begin with the plaza to the east of the Capitol. Here we find a marble statue of the Father of his Country, in which that revered man is represented in a costume in which he, in life, was probably known only to the amiable Martha, and to those numerous body-servants at whose expense so many paragraphers have been as funny as they could. I cannot see any great objection to this piece—in the summer. The great man's life had many phases, and this represents one of them. On its base is the inscription: "*Horatius Greenough fecit.*" It does not appear, from an examination of the lists, that Horatius *fecit* any further raids upon the Treasury, a degree of forbearance not always exhibited by his brother artists.

Before we leave this side of the Capitol, we may mention the under-sized Columbus, who stands on the steps of the portico. He holds a globe in his hand, in the attitude of a left-fielder about to "throw it home" to the first in war. Here also we have a gigantic "Civilization" disarming a very puny Indian, suggesting the boyish taunt: "Why don't yer go ter somebody ter yer size?"

Passing through the temple of wisdom, we come out on the west side, and at once perceive what at first sight appears to be the figure of an old lady just ready to retire for the night, with her hair hanging down her back in a thick braid, as she sits in her great arm-chair. Passing around in front of her, you read that she is John Marshall, the first Chief-Justice of the United States.

Leaving the great jurist sitting, in true American fashion, upon the last half of his back, we soon come upon a mass of marble surmounted by two extremely doleful ladies of the same

material. One of them holds a tablet in her hand, and, to judge from her drapery, may well be writing a "counterblast" to Mrs. Stanton's recent fulmination on the subject of low dressing in high life. Scattered over the base of this structure are several infants in costumes which might attract the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, if we had one here. All this is dedicated to the sailors who fell in the late war—hence it is commonly called the Peace Monument.

From the Capitol to the White House there is, if we except cigar-store Indians, a complete dearth of the artistic; but opposite the Executive Mansion we find our *chef d'œuvre*. This wonderful work is an equestrian statue of General Jackson, for which reason the park in which it stands is called Lafayette Square. Our interest in the great anti-civil-service-reformer is lost in that excited by the horse on which he sits. Indeed, it is as an engineering feat, even more than as a work of art, that this piece deserves our notice. When we ask how the horse manages to maintain his painful position, with his fore-legs sawing the air, we are triumphantly informed that the rear half of the animal is loaded. It is the old story of Columbus and the egg. Nature never thought of such a device, and so live horses soon have to come down again. Tourists from the rural districts stand for hours open-mouthed before this work of genius, evidently expecting the heroic animal to relapse into a more comfortable posture—but so far he has never done so.

At the end of Pennsylvania Avenue we encounter our First President again, here sitting upon a bronze horse, which has just been struck by a cyclone from the West. This time the great man has had time to dress, and so is clothed, but not in his right mind. If he were, he would be holding on to his hat.

We have also Farragut about to squirt with a garden-syringe, which, I am informed, was intended for a telescope; we have a bronze gentleman named Dupont, who is said to have been at one time connected with the navy; we have General Scott gazing longingly at the White House, and "Pap" Thomas turning his back upon Martin Luther. This latter place might have been more properly reserved for our Tecumseh.

We have many others, also; but I have said enough to show that, though the tariff, the currency, the national defences and other trifles may be neglected, our Congress is always mindful of the interests of art.

FILL.

QUITE OBLIGING.



FISHERLY.—I hear Smith is going to the bad.

GIMP (*shaking his head*).—Yes; sad thing, that.

FISHERLY.—They say he's in such a hole that he sponges on all his acquaintances.

GIMP.—Yes I saw him yesterday, and he looked quite seedy.

FISHERLY (*solicitously*).—Poor fellow! By the way, I had several light suits when I went into mourning. If I sent them to him, do you think he'd accept them in the spirit in

which they are offered, and not become offended?

GIMP (*who knows Smith*).—Oh, yes; he takes everything but a hint.

RANDOM REMARKS.

It is an old saying that what will cure one will kill another. This, of course, does not apply to the curing of hams.

WE SHOULD have a much greater regard for our French clock if it would only make sure that it was right before going ahead. We should also rather see it right than President.

THE BOSTON AND ALBANY R. R. has a circulating library of two thousand volumes free to its employees. We hope a pronouncing dictionary for passenger-brakemen is embodied in the collection.

IN LOWELL, MASS., there are four hundred saloons and only twenty-four bakeries. As Lowell is considered one of the most thriving cities down East, we judge that its people look unkindly on hot biscuits.

JOHN MATTHEWS, the soda-water Neptune, has issued a neat circular on lilac paper, putting to us the subtle conundrum: What is soda-water? Soda water is nothing, John, without a dash of brandy in it—nothing.

WE HAVE just received an English joke, evidently sent in by a man in a check suit, single-barreled eye-glass, puggaree, and portable bathtub. Here is the joke:

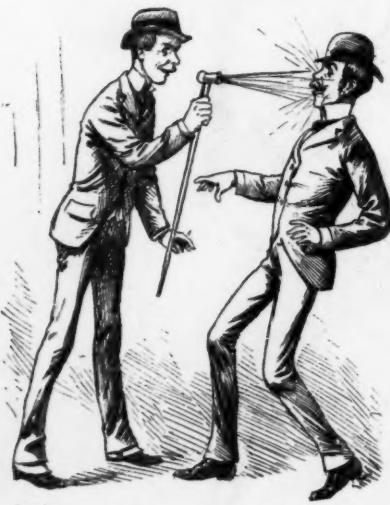
An Irish waiter recently went into raptures on being told that a newly-arrived guest tipped the scales at £150.

All that can be said of that joke is, "It's English, you know!"

THIS is the big-headed man who has a tip on the boat-race. You can see by his mysterious manner that he knows all about it. He is reeking with omniscience, and should be approached under a parasol, and looked upon only through smoked glass. But on the morrow he will not be so full of counsel and wise shrugs. His pocket-book will also be smaller than his head. It will also be smaller than his feet, and he will be humbled in spirit, and look about as ghastly as the before-using cut in a dyspepsia tonic "ad."



THE MEETING OF THE TWO SQUIRTS.



SMITH'S PATENT HUMOROUS SQUIRT.



BROWN'S PATENT HUMOROUS SQUIRT.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ASPARD.—Your joke on the cod-fish of commerce is not fresh enough for our columns. Let it soak till 1942; then send it to some other paper.

STUDENT.—Yes, Poe died poor; but while he lived he had genius and a good mother-in-law—two things more than most men are blessed with.

TAX-PAYER.—If you can prove that your neighbor persuaded you to mount his bicycle with malicious in-

tent, assuring you that it was docile and harmless, we should think you could recover damages.

YOUNG SUBSCRIBER.—Apache wit is extremely keen and cutting, and the merest novice can feel the point. You would not enjoy it, probably, but we can think of no objection to your going West to study it at short range.

ENTHUSIAST.—The business of highwayman is now unprofitable and otherwise unsatisfactory in the West. There is room at the top, of course; but the higher you get, the less you will like it. We can not give you the address of any respectable highwayman. The seaside hotel business is safer and more remunerative.

POMOLOGIST.—What sort of peaches do we think the best? Really, Pomologist, you have us up a tree this time, as Solomon used to say in all his glory, when he was stumped. We don't know the professional name of the best sort of peaches; but we can tell you where you'll find them: Right on top of the basket, every time, dear old Pomol; don't dig down.

REV. JOHN W. POUNDER.—So you have discovered that men who complain of the length of your hour-and-a-half sermons, and of the few cushions being too hard, will sit on the splintery side of a hemlock board, and watch a game of base-ball through an entire hot afternoon without a murmur. This is an old cause of complaint; but you do not propose to strike at the root of the evil. Instead of asking a free and untrammelled press to take up your cause, suppose you first try making your sermons more interesting than base-ball.

WANDERER SAYS:—"I was a trusted employee. I robbed my good employer of every dollar he had—not all at once, but gradually—and spent it all in having a good time. Now I am penniless, am filled with remorse, and have gone away to think over the dead past. Can you not write a few words of sympathy that will fit my case. I am longing for sympathy." Repentant wanderer, we have disposed of all the sympathy we had on hand to your late employer.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Why is your neighbor's chicken, which gets into your garden with so much ease, and without the assistance of anybody, unable to find its way out, even with the help of yourself, your wife, your five children, the hired girl,

and the dog? Dear Anxious Inquirer, this is one of the problems that worried poor Socrates to death in the seventy-second year of his age. Please don't let us hear from you again.

AUGUSTUS.—We have your plaint as follows: "I love a lovely young lady, and though she has not told me as much in words, I am sure she returns my passion. Her father packs pork; but he has made a great deal of money that way, and I have decided to not let that be an objection. I asked him for the hand of his daughter the other day. He did not give me an out-and-out refusal; but said that if he were ever stricken with me as a son-in-law, he would bore an auger-hole in my head, and fill the void with sawdust. What would you advise me to do?" We would advise you to not irritate the old man further at this time—give him a century or two to study your good parts. By the end of that period he will be more docile, and your worth will be more perceptible.

MARS.—We do not know whether or not you could draw a pension on the ground that you fell from a snake fence and broke a leg while watching a militia company on dress parade; but if you can prove that your wife was your only support, as you say you can, and that she was compelled to quit taking in washing to attend to you while you were laid up in bed, you certainly have a strong case.

S. W.

THE MUSE (OF PUCK) TO SQUIRE.

IMMORTAL bard, immersed in woes
From pedal tip to aural lobes,
Forswear epistolary prose,
And wrap thee in Sing Sing-ing robes.
Forget the city's angry frown,
Where genius dies and poets shiver,
While Grace abounds forsake the town:
A welcome waits thee up the River.

N. S.

EVERYTHING will be lovely when the Anarchist hangs high.

THE MOONSHINERS' whiskey is generally considered "crooked," and that, we believe, is what originated the expression, "whiskey straight."



TECHNICAL TERMS USED IN POKER.

GE.—Any gray-headed player.

ANTE.—An unpopular relative always present at games of poker.

BLAZE.—Something seen when four aces are held against a Westerner with an ace high flush.

BLIND.—A term applied to a man who don't see you playfully steal a blue chip off his pile. In such cases, keep it.

CALL.—The sudden sense of duty that calls some men home when one hundred dollars ahead.

CHIPS.—Ivory or bone tokens, representing a fixed value in money—or "wind."

CHIPPING, OR TO CHIP.—Betting money, or "blowing in wind."

DISCARD.—Throwing away the cards given you by the dealer, and playing those in your boots.

DRAW.—The act of drawing a player's attention while you deal yourself six cards.

ELDEST HAND, OR AGE.—The oldest bald-head present.

FILLING.—Working the decanter, often.

FOUL HAND.—Any hand that beats yours.

FROZEN OUT.—Going home in the morning, quite broke.

GOING BETTER.—Going home with ten dollars.

GOING IN.—The time when you feel sure you will win.

JACK-POTS.—A cross between a turkey-affle and a chicken-shoot.

LIMIT.—An imaginary quantity.

PASS.—A term used when you want a friend to pass you a heart.

SAY.—This is the word applied to the remarks you make after a four-hour run of bad luck.

TABLE STAKES.—Where the man, on the dealer's left, forgets to put up, and you play to see who has the table.

—!—!!—??—
Marks used to indicate what you know your wife will say to you when you get home.

CLARENCE STETSON.

EX-RUTHERFORD HAYES is accused of looking considerably older than when he vacated his seat of office. Anybody who has ever calculated on hatching thirteen chickens out of thirteen eggs, may readily conceive the cause of the trouble.

YOU TAKE a base-ball ground and a corn-field, side by side, and the corn-field is much the hotter, yet the same sun shines on both. Curious, isn't it?

IT WAS an Irish philosopher-humorist, who spoke of the diver bringing up the perils of the deep.



ONE OF THEM.

DISCONTENTED KNIGHT OF DO NOTHING.—I don't take PUCK any more.

SALOON KEEPER.—I am glad to hear it. I can leave it on the table now, without watching it.



1822.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

Frederick Brown,
Chemist,

N. E. Cor. Fifth and Chestnut Sts.
Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

"Cheap Drugs, are"
"the dearest things on Earth"
when a man is
cramped, he needs Fred:
Brown's Ginger, even if
the price is 50 cents, - &
he has no use for any
of the cheap imitations,
which flood the market &
are merely compounds of
Cayenne Pepper, a even
worse - Avoid them.



1886.

Fred Brown
Phila
Pa

ESTABLISHED 1818.
Nine Gold and First-Class Medals:
PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO THE
ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT,
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.
PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.
(KIRSEBAER LIQUEUR.)
INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.
LUYTIES BROTHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 573 Broadway, NEW YORK. No. 1 Wall Street, New York.

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 76, 140, 154, 163 and 418 of the
English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents
per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

A COMMITTEE from an association in Chicago
which had boycotted a certain brewer's pro-
duct, went to a dealer in hops and gave him
warning that if he sold any of his stock to the
brewer he should also be made to suffer.

He smiled benignly upon them, and they
asked if he intended to defy them.

"Oh, no—certainly not," he replied: "but
you have made a mistake in the house. You
want to stop some one from selling him rice,
aloes and gamboge. Hops are only used now-
a-days in case of sickness."—*Wall St. News.*

"Come, let's go and have a taste of beer,"
said a genial nickel to a pensive hop that was
scanning the latest market report to see what
he was worth. "No, thank you," replied the
hop with dignity: "I never touch beer."—*Ne-
braska State Journal.*

NEW NATIONAL ODE.

Song sung by the President on whirling across the
East Branch northward:

Farewell, ye goddess of the Dome,
Upon your dizzy height;
Farewell, ye temporary home
Which they have painted White.
Farewell! Upon the wings of steam
I go where none intrudes
To fling the fly* along the stream
In Adirondack woods.

Farewell! Where life is newly born
And brooks are murmuring,
I'll sit upon the porch at morn
And hear the thrushes† sing;
Oho! the red deer‡ I will slay,
And, in my merry moods,
I'll make the panther§ stand at bay
In Adirondack woods.

Where Nature's beauties most abound
Will I the salmon|| snare,
As soothing visions¶ gather round
My nightly pillow there.
And when we meet again, I ween,
Mid Winter's interludes
I'll tell you what I've heard and seen
In Adirondack woods.

*Worm.
†Allfrogs.
‡Rabbits.

§Woodchuck.
||Bullhead.
¶Big nosquitos.

—*Washington Post.*

A CHOICE EASILY MADE.—"Here are two
poems, Mr. Editor, quite in my best style, I
think I may say without egotism. You may
have whichever one you like the best."

Wearily taking one of the manuscripts, the
editor hastily glances over the poem.

"I like the other one the best," was his only
comment.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1873.
**BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.**

Warranted absolutely pure
Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has three
times the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more economi-
cal, costing less than one cent a
cup. It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, easily digested, and
admirably adapted for invalids as
well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



The only perfect substitute for Mother's
milk. Invaluable in Cholera Infantum
and Teething. A pre-digested food for Dys-
pepsia, Consumptives, Convalescents.
Perfect nutrient in all Wasting Diseases.
Requires no cooking. Our Book, The Care
and Feeding of Infants, mailed free.
DOLBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.*

The Summer wanes, its ripened beauty dies,
Too well the s-d, sw-t, passing signs I know,
Like winged shadows 'neath the z-r-sk-s,
The c-rcl-ng sw-ll-ws fl-tt-ng come and go.

Afar, on m-sty p-rpl-m-nt-n side,
-mb-til-d f-r-sts, m-ghy h-sts of old,
Fl-ng out their b-nu-rs, autumn glorified,
Aff-me in gl-m-ng cr-ms-n, gr-n, and g-l-d.

And all the dr-my, h-zy, loit'r-ng day,
The c-w-ng cr-w-c-lls from the d-st-nt h-ll,
And the shr-ll cr-ck-t p-p-s his ch-ry l-y;
And else, the mountain world is h-sh-d and st-ll.

Light drifts the d-wn upon the n-s-l ss air,
The p-rpl-st-r decks the mountain sod,
And br-ght w-ng-d b-tt-rfl-s are fl-tt'-r-ng
where
In-re-t-clusters gl-ms the g-r.

And so, in m-l-nch-ly sw-t, b/ wood and stream,
I wander, till the stars their s-ft-r-y show,
Then seek my camp-fire's welcome home to dr-m
Before the d-y-ng-mb-rs' d-r-g.

*Key at the office of PUCK. Turn hard and pull the hook down twice.

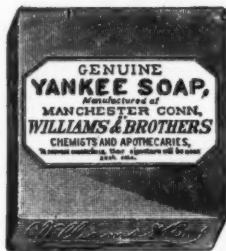
—ROBERT J. BURDETTE, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE consumption of lead pencils in the United States is placed at 250,000 a day. If every woman who uses a lead pencil were to sharpen her own, the consumption, it is estimated, would amount to about 250,000,000 a day.—*Norristown Herald*.

The really "GRAND VIEW" of the Hudson River is from northbound trains on West Shore Railroad as they emerge from the Haverstraw Tunnel, revealing the broad expanse of Haverstraw Bay from the side of High Torn Mountain, around whose side the double tracks of the West Shore gracefully curve at a considerable height above the river.

697

GENUINE YANKEE SOAP



After half a century is still with o t an equal,

AS A SHAVING SOAP.

Its ri h, mild and lasting lather leaves nothing to be de-ired. All Druggists keep it. Avoid Imitations. Trial Samples by Mail, for 12 cents.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,

Glastonbury, Conn.,

Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester, 1840.

"First in War, First in

Peace," and first in the hearts of the thousands who were once the victims of disordered liver and its attendant maladies, such as Constipation, Bilious Fevers, Colic, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Chills, Rheumatism, Gout, Jaundice, Restlessness, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. "First, Tutt's Pills, and then health and happiness," is their motto. This is the res lt of American progress in science. Diseases that were once treated by cnetics, blisters, lancet, and poisonous minerals, are now cured by these safe and gentle pills, which impart strength to the body, while they remove all unhealthy secretions.

Tutt's Liver Pills
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

44 Murray St., N. Y.

COLT REPEATING RIFLE

Just Half the Factory Price! \$12.50
Best Repeating Rifle in the World. 44-Caliber. 20-30-40-45-50-55-60-65-70-75-80-85-90-95-100-110-120-130-140-150-160-170-180-190-200-210-220-230-240-250-260-270-280-290-300-310-320-330-340-350-360-370-380-390-400-410-420-430-440-450-460-470-480-490-500-510-520-530-540-550-560-570-580-590-600-610-620-630-640-650-660-670-680-690-700-710-720-730-740-750-760-770-780-790-800-810-820-830-840-850-860-870-880-890-900-910-920-930-940-950-960-970-980-990-1000-1010-1020-1030-1040-1050-1060-1070-1080-1090-1100-1110-1120-1130-1140-1150-1160-1170-1180-1190-1200-1210-1220-1230-1240-1250-1260-1270-1280-1290-1300-1310-1320-1330-1340-1350-1360-1370-1380-1390-1400-1410-1420-1430-1440-1450-1460-1470-1480-1490-1500-1510-1520-1530-1540-1550-1560-1570-1580-1590-1600-1610-1620-1630-1640-1650-1660-1670-1680-1690-1700-1710-1720-1730-1740-1750-1760-1770-1780-1790-1800-1810-1820-1830-1840-1850-1860-1870-1880-1890-1900-1910-1920-1930-1940-1950-1960-1970-1980-1990-2000-2010-2020-2030-2040-2050-2060-2070-2080-2090-2100-2110-2120-2130-2140-2150-2160-2170-2180-2190-2200-2210-2220-2230-2240-2250-2260-2270-2280-2290-2300-2310-2320-2330-2340-2350-2360-2370-2380-2390-2400-2410-2420-2430-2440-2450-2460-2470-2480-2490-2500-2510-2520-2530-2540-2550-2560-2570-2580-2590-2600-2610-2620-2630-2640-2650-2660-2670-2680-2690-2700-2710-2720-2730-2740-2750-2760-2770-2780-2790-2800-2810-2820-2830-2840-2850-2860-2870-2880-2890-2900-2910-2920-2930-2940-2950-2960-2970-2980-2990-3000-3010-3020-3030-3040-3050-3060-3070-3080-3090-3100-3110-3120-3130-3140-3150-3160-3170-3180-3190-3200-3210-3220-3230-3240-3250-3260-3270-3280-3290-3300-3310-3320-3330-3340-3350-3360-3370-3380-3390-3400-3410-3420-3430-3440-3450-3460-3470-3480-3490-3500-3510-3520-3530-3540-3550-3560-3570-3580-3590-3600-3610-3620-3630-3640-3650-3660-3670-3680-3690-3700-3710-3720-3730-3740-3750-3760-3770-3780-3790-3800-3810-3820-3830-3840-3850-3860-3870-3880-3890-3900-3910-3920-3930-3940-3950-3960-3970-3980-3990-4000-4010-4020-4030-4040-4050-4060-4070-4080-4090-4100-4110-4120-4130-4140-4150-4160-4170-4180-4190-4200-4210-4220-4230-4240-4250-4260-4270-4280-4290-4300-4310-4320-4330-4340-4350-4360-4370-4380-4390-4400-4410-4420-4430-4440-4450-4460-4470-4480-4490-4500-4510-4520-4530-4540-4550-4560-4570-4580-4590-4600-4610-4620-4630-4640-4650-4660-4670-4680-4690-4700-4710-4720-4730-4740-4750-4760-4770-4780-4790-4800-4810-4820-4830-4840-4850-4860-4870-4880-4890-4900-4910-4920-4930-4940-4950-4960-4970-4980-4990-5000-5010-5020-5030-5040-5050-5060-5070-5080-5090-5100-5110-5120-5130-5140-5150-5160-5170-5180-5190-5200-5210-5220-5230-5240-5250-5260-5270-5280-5290-5300-5310-5320-5330-5340-5350-5360-5370-5380-5390-5400-5410-5420-5430-5440-5450-5460-5470-5480-5490-5500-5510-5520-5530-5540-5550-5560-5570-5580-5590-5600-5610-5620-5630-5640-5650-5660-5670-5680-5690-5700-5710-5720-5730-5740-5750-5760-5770-5780-5790-5800-5810-5820-5830-5840-5850-5860-5870-5880-5890-5900-5910-5920-5930-5940-5950-5960-5970-5980-5990-6000-6010-6020-6030-6040-6050-6060-6070-6080-6090-6100-6110-6120-6130-6140-6150-6160-6170-6180-6190-6200-6210-6220-6230-6240-6250-6260-6270-6280-6290-6300-6310-6320-6330-6340-6350-6360-6370-6380-6390-6400-6410-6420-6430-6440-6450-6460-6470-6480-6490-6500-6510-6520-6530-6540-6550-6560-6570-6580-6590-6600-6610-6620-6630-6640-6650-6660-6670-6680-6690-6700-6710-6720-6730-6740-6750-6760-6770-6780-6790-6800-6810-6820-6830-6840-6850-6860-6870-6880-6890-6900-6910-6920-6930-6940-6950-6960-6970-6980-6990-7000-7010-7020-7030-7040-7050-7060-7070-7080-7090-7100-7110-7120-7130-7140-7150-7160-7170-7180-7190-7200-7210-7220-7230-7240-7250-7260-7270-7280-7290-7300-7310-7320-7330-7340-7350-7360-7370-7380-7390-7400-7410-7420-7430-7440-7450-7460-7470-7480-7490-7500-7510-7520-7530-7540-7550-7560-7570-7580-7590-7600-7610-7620-7630-7640-7650-7660-7670-7680-7690-7700-7710-7720-7730-7740-7750-7760-7770-7780-7790-7800-7810-7820-7830-7840-7850-7860-7870-7880-7890-7900-7910-7920-7930-7940-7950-7960-7970-7980-7990-8000-8010-8020-8030-8040-8050-8060-8070-8080-8090-8100-8110-8120-8130-8140-8150-8160-8170-8180-8190-8200-8210-8220-8230-8240-8250-8260-8270-8280-8290-8300-8310-8320-8330-8340-8350-8360-8370-8380-8390-8400-8410-8420-8430-8440-8450-8460-8470-8480-8490-8500-8510-8520-8530-8540-8550-8560-8570-8580-8590-8600-8610-8620-8630-8640-8650-8660-8670-8680-8690-8700-8710-8720-8730-8740-8750-8760-8770-8780-8790-8800-8810-8820-8830-8840-8850-8860-8870-8880-8890-8900-8910-8920-8930-8940-8950-8960-8970-8980-8990-9000-9010-9020-9030-9040-9050-9060-9070-9080-9090-9100-9110-9120-9130-9140-9150-9160-9170-9180-9190-9200-9210-9220-9230-9240-9250-9260-9270-9280-9290-9300-9310-9320-9330-9340-9350-9360-9370-9380-9390-9400-9410-9420-9430-9440-9450-9460-9470-9480-9490-9500-9510-9520-9530-9540-9550-9560-9570-9580-9590-9600-9610-9620-9630-9640-9650-9660-9670-9680-9690-9700-9710-9720-9730-9740-9750-9760-9770-9780-9790-9800-9810-9820-9830-9840-9850-9860-9870-9880-9890-9900-9910-9920-9930-9940-9950-9960-9970-9980-9990-10000-10010-10020-10030-10040-10050-10060-10070-10080-10090-10100-10110-10120-10130-10140-10150-10160-10170-10180-10190-10200-10210-10220-10230-10240-10250-10260-10270-10280-10290-10300-10310-10320-10330-10340-10350-10360-10370-10380-10390-10400-10410-10420-10430-10440-10450-10460-10470-10480-10490-10500-10510-10520-10530-10540-10550-10560-10570-10580-10590-10600-10610-10620-10630-10640-10650-10660-10670-10680-10690-10700-10710-10720-10730-10740-10750-10760-10770-10780-10790-10800-10810-10820-10830-10840-10850-10860-10870-10880-10890-10900-10910-10920-10930-10940-10950-10960-10970-10980-10990-11000-11010-11020-11030-11040-11050-11060-11070-11080-11090-11100-11110-11120-11130-11140-11150-11160-11170-11180-11190-11200-11210-11220-11230-11240-11250-11260-11270-11280-11290-11300-11310-11320-11330-11340-11350-11360-11370-11380-11390-11400-11410-11420-11430-11440-11450-11460-11470-11480-11490-11500-11510-11520-11530-11540-11550-11560-11570-11580-11590-11600-11610-11620-11630-11640-11650-11660-11670-11680-11690-11700-11710-11720-11730-11740-11750-11760-11770-11780-11790-11800-11810-11820-11830-11840-11850-11860-11870-11880-11890-11900-11910-11920-11930-11940-11950-11960-11970-11980-11990-12000-12010-12020-12030-12040-12050-12060-12070-12080-12090-12100-12110-12120-12130-12140-12150-12160-12170-12180-12190-12200-12210-12220-12230-12240-12250-12260-12270-12280-12290-12300-12310-12320-12330-12340-12350-12360-12370-12380-12390-12400-12410-12420-12430-12440-12450-12460-12470-12480-12490-12500-12510-12520-12530-12540-12550-12560-12570-12580-12590-12600-12610-12620-12630-12640-12650-12660-12670-12680-12690-12700-12710-12720-12730-12740-12750-12760-12770-12780-12790-12800-12810-12820-12830-12840-12850-12860-12870-12880-12890-12900-12910-12920-12930-12940-12950-12960-12970-12980-12990-13000-13010-13020-13030-13040-13050-13060-13070-13080-13090-13100-13110-13120-13130-13140-13150-13160-13170-13180-13190-13200-13210-13220-13230-13240-13250-13260-13270-13280-13290-13300-13310-13320-13330-13340-13350-13360-13370-13380-13390-13400-13410-13420-13430-13440-13450-13460-13470-13480-13490-13500-13510-13520-13530-13540-13550-13560-13570-13580-13590-13600-13610-13620-13630-13640-13650-13660-13670-13680-13690-13700-13710-13720-13730-13740-13750-13760-13770-13780-13790-13800-13810-13820-13830-13840-13850-13860-13870-13880-13890-13900-13910-13920-13930-13940-13950-13960-13970-13980-13990-14000-14010-14020-14030-14040-14050-14060-14070-14080-14090-14100-14110-14120-14130-14140-14150-14160-14170-14180-14190-14200-14210-14220-14230-14240-14250-14260-14270-14280-14290-14300-14310-14320-14330-14340-14350-14360-14370-14380-14390-14400-14410-14420-14430-14440-14450-14460-14470-14480-14490-14500-14510-14520-14530-14540-14550-14560-14570-14580-14590-14600-14610-14620-14630-14640-14650-14660-14670-14680-14690-14700-14710-14720-14730-14740-14750-14760-14770-14780-14790-14800-14810-14820-14830-14840-14850-14860-14870-14880-14890-14900-14910-14920-14930-14940-14950-14960-14970-14980-14990-15000-15010-15020-15030-15040-15050-15060-15070-15080-15090-15100-15110-15120-15130-15140-15150-15160-15170-15180-15190-15200-15210-15220-15230-15240-15250-15260-15270-15280-15290-15300-15310-15320-15330-15340-15350-15360-15370-15380-15390-15400-15410-15420-15430-15440-15450-15460-15470-15480-15490-15500-15510-15520-15530-15540-15550-15560-15570-15580-15590-15600-15610-15620-15630-15640-15650-15660-15670-15680-15690-15700-15710-15720-15730-15740-15750-15760-15770-15780-15790-15800-15810-15820-15830-15840-15850-15860-15870-15880-15890-15900-15910-15920-15930-15940-15950-15960-15970-15980-15990-16000-16010-16020-16030-16040-16050-16060-16070-16080-16090-16100-16110-16120-16130-16140-16150-16160-16170-16180-16190-16200-16210-16220-16230-16240-16250-16260-16270-16280-16290-16300-16310-16320-16330-16340-16350-16360-16370-16380-16390-16400-16410-16420-16430-16440-16450-16460-16470-16480-16490-16500-16510-16520-16530-16540-16550-16560-16570-16580-16590-16600-16610-16620-16630-16640-16650-16660-16670-16680-16690-16700-16710-16720-16730-16740-16750-16760-16770-16780-16790-16800-16810-16820-16830-16840-16850-16860-16870-16880-16890-16900-16910-16920-16930-16940-16950-16960-16970-16980-16990-17000-17010-17020-17030-17040-17050-17060-17070-17080-17090-17100-17110-17120-17130-17140-17150-17160-17170-17180-17190-17200-17210-17220-17230-17240-17250-17260-17270-17280-17290-17300-17310-17320-17330-17340-17350-17360-17370-17380-17390-17400-17410-17420-17430-17440-17450-17460-17470-17480-17490-17500-17510-17520-17530-17540-17550-17560-17570-17580-17590-17600-17610-17620-17630-17640-17650-17660-17670-17680-17690-17700-17710-17720-17730-17740-17750-17760-17770-17780-17790-17800-17810-17820-17830-17840-17850-17860-17870-17880-17890-17900-17910-17920-17930-17940-17950-17960-17970-17980-17990-18000-18010-18020-18030-18040-18050-18060-18070-18080-18090-18100-18110-18120-18130-18140-18150-18160-18170-18180-18190-18200-18210-18220-18230-18240-18250-18260-18270-18280-18290-18300-18310-18320-18330-18340-18350-18360-18370-18380-18390-18400-18410-18420-18430-18440-18450-18460-18470-18480-18490-18500-18510-18520-18530-18540-18550-18560-18570-18580-18590-18600-18610-18620-18630-18640-18650-18660-18670-18680-18690-18700-18710-18720-18730-18740-18750-18760-18770-18780-18790-18800-18810-18820-18830-18840-18850-18860-18870-18880-18890-18900-18910-18920-18930-18940-18950-18960-18970-18980-18990-19000-19010-19020-19030-19040-19050-19060-19070-19080-19090-19100-19110-19120-19130-19140-19150-19160-19170-19180-19190-19200-19210-19220-19230-19240-19250-19260-19270-19280-19290-19300-19310-19320-19330-19340-19350-19360-19370-19380-19390-19400-19410-19420-19430-19440-19450-19460-19470-19480-19490-19500-19510-19520-19530-19540-19550-19560-

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT,
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.



Hossfeld & Wierl,

IMPORTERS OF

PURE

HUNGARIAN WINES,

Buda-Pesth & 39 Broad St., N. Y.

Tokayer Ausbruch

IMPORTED IN BOTTLES A SPECIALTY.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

"CLUB" BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

PRACTICAL ROAD
MACHINES.
SOLD ON INSTALMENTS
IF DESIRED.
THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS CO
229 COLUMBUS AVE. BOSTON, MASS.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE
Of any kind, send stamp to A. W. CUMP,
Dayton, Ohio, for large illustrated price
List of New and Second-Hand Machines.
Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange.
BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.

"JIM" REED—everybody in the woods calls the dog at Maple Cottage by his master's name—Jim Reed went out hunting the other day and bit a little black and white rabbit with a bushy tail. Jim only bit the rabbit once, and then he wept, and went down to Thirteenth Lake and walked across on the bottom where the water was two thousand feet deep, and swam from the dam to Van Dusen's and back again and cried, and rolled in the sand, and went back into the lake, and came out and sobbed as he rubbed himself with clay preparatory to another bath. And all the time the south soft winds, sighing from the leafy coverts, went whispering over Jim, stealing more odor than they could carry away. Jim came home at last and lay down in a solitary place, far in the lee of the house, and looked like a dog that had been out all night with the boys.

Little May, a bright little girl, who counts her years on the fingers of one hand, went home, lay down on the floor and cried.

"What is the matter, Mamie?" asked mama.

The little thing was thinking of her baby brother, dead a year ago. But mama explained that the baby brother was happy in heaven.

"Yes," sobbed May. "but Jim Reed is sick and he'll die and go to heaven, and I know he'll eat my little brother up."

But big Jim Reed got well, and is steadfastly on the look-out for tin-peddlers and domestic cats, but there are two wild beasts that he declares he will never, never hunt again, if he never has any sport. The other one is a hedgehog.—R. J. BURDETTE, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

"PHEW!" said a stranger in New York the other day, pinching his nose with his thumb and forefinger; "is there a bone-boiling establishment so near your City Hall?" "Oh, no," explained his city friend: "you smell our politics—that's all."—*Norristown Herald*.

A SOLEMN, gray-haired old man came in town one day this week and said the fish in the Sioux River were out on the banks fanning themselves with their tails. Nobody seemed to doubt him.—*Estelline Bell*.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1873.

Cholera Morbus

is about as sure to
come as Summer is.
It comes suddenly and
without warning—
is Dangerous and often
Fatal.

ARE YOU PREPARED for its coming?

If any of your family are
attacked, PROMPT action
only may save life. For
46 YEARS ONE medicine has
ALWAYS cured
CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS,
DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY and
all SUMMER COMPLAINTS.
CHILDREN can take it with
perfect safety.

This medicine is
Perry Davis'
Pain Killer.

To be on the safe side get
some NOW and have it on hand.
For sale by all Druggists.

PERRY DAVIS & SONS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

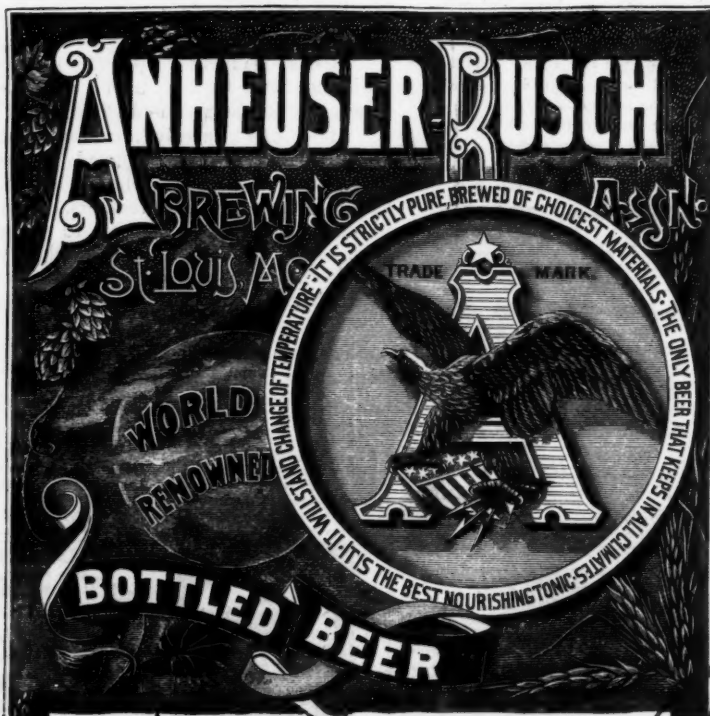


TYPE SETTING, etc.
easy. Printed directions.
For business, home use, or
money making. For old or
young. Send 2 stamps for
Catalogue of Presses, Type,
Paper, Cards, &c., to the
factory.
KELSEY & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

A PRIZE.

Send 6c. for postage for free costly box of goods which
will help all to more money than anything else in this
world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure.
Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

America's Favorite



Lager Beer

SONG OF THE MOSQUITO.

I never drink behind the bar,
I seldom quaff Apollinar,
Red blood is good enough for me:
Who cares for naught alone is free!

Soon as the evening stars prevail,
I take and barb my wondrous tail,
And choir away as loud and prim
As any young-eyed cherubim!

I am the Lady of the Lake;
I am a tiger in the brake;
I am a ghoul from Jersey Fens;
My point is mightier than the pen's.

—*Philad. Iphia News.*

"Did you know that money was bringing forty per cent.?" he asked, as he turned from his paper to the man beside him on the bench in City Hall Park.

"Yes, I heard something about it; but that's nothing."

"Nothing? Why, man, who could pay more?"

"I can. I want thirty cents to buy a breakfast, and I'm willing to pay at the rate of one hundred per cent. per annum. The doings of the Stock Exchange is no criterion to judge of the financial straits of this country. The newspapers want to interview some one like me."—*Wall St. News.*

CHOLERA INFANTUM

Prevented, Controlled, and Cured by

Lactated Food

It has been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence, as a safe and complete substitute for mother's milk.

It is a Perfect Nutrient for INVALIDS.

The most nourishing and economical of Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1 00

Easily prepared. Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

616

"Sulphur Soap" secured by Letters Patent.

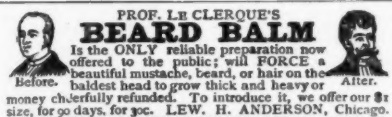
GLENN'S



Sulphur Soap

Sun and Wind disfigure many a lovely complexion at our fashionable rural resorts. Their effects may, however, be prevented with **GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP**, which being a pure, wholesome purifier and beautifier of the skin is infinitely preferable to cosmetics. Sold by all druggists.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c. 700



PROF. L. CLERQUE'S
BEARD BALM

Is the ONLY reliable preparation now offered to the public will **FORCE** a beautiful mustache, beard, or hair on the balddest head to grow thick and heavy or money cheerfully refunded. To introduce it, we offer our \$1 size, for 30 days, for 30c. LEW. H. ANDERSON, Chicago. 702

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

A Potent Remedy for

Indigestion, Acute and Atonic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases.

Over 5000 Physicians have sent to us the most **FLATTERING OPINIONS** upon **DIGESTY-LIN**, as a **REMEDY** for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

For 20 years we have manufactured the **DIGESTIVE FERMENTS** expressly for Physician's use, and for the past year **DIGESTY-LIN** has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestve agent.

It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great **DIGESTIVE POWER** is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements we would respectfully refer to the **WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRUGGISTS** of the country, and **PHYSICIANS** generally. Sold by Druggists, or

KIDDER'S DIGESTY-LIN FOR INDIGESTION & DYSPEPSIA

Price \$1.00.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,

83 John St., N. Y.

EVERYBODY now knows what the poet meant when he sang: "'Tis midnight on the stormy deep, and still my lonely watch I keep." It was a Waterbury, and he was sitting up all night to wind it, so that he might know when to get up in the morning.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE year 1886 has demonstrated that going through the whirlpool rapids at Niagara is much less dangerous to human life than eating picnic ice-cream.—*Norristown Herald.*

SHOWERS of mud are reported from New Zealand, and there is no political campaign going on there, either.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in Debility.

Dr. W. H. HOLCOMBE, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."

Pickings from Puck.

THIRD CROP.



READER.—Do you know what you are going to get on the 22nd of September?

You are going to get **PICKINGS FROM PUCK** Third Crop. Take off your hat and look happy.

This is not the original **PICKINGS FROM PUCK**. It is not **PICKINGS FROM PUCK** Second Crop. It isn't either, or both, with a new cover. It is all

freshly plucked from the flowery fields of Literature and Art that lie in the inexhaustible back numbers of Puck.

Its price is Twenty-five Cents, of all newsdealers. The traditional barrel of monkeys will now please to pale its ineffectual fires.

Now you know where you are. Step in and be happy.

PUCK.

THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE
PLATFORMS FOR STOVES
ARE THE BEST. TRY THEM.

HOT WEATHER SUITINGS
FOR THE
SEASIDE OR COUNTRY.

WHITE and COLORED FLANNELS, SERGES,
DRAP D'ETES, HOMESPUN and
SCOTCH TWEEDS.

The Product of Foreign and Domestic Mills.

SUITS to measure from..... \$20.00
TROUSERS " " " " " 5.00

Nicoll
The Tailor.

Nos. 145, 147, 149 Bowery,
and

771 Broadway, Cor. Ninth Street.

Samples and Self Measurement Rules sent on request; also Estimates for Liveries and Uniforms promptly furnished.



DENTAL OFFICE OF

Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess

NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

VOLUME XIX. OF PUCK

was completed with No. 494. It contains 416 pages and 579 illustrations, viz.:

26 double-page illuminated cartoons,
52 single-page " " "
501 illustrations in black and white.

Contributions by the best humorous writers in the country.

Price, unbound, with title-page and index \$2.50

Bound in cloth " " " " 3.75

Half morocco " " " " 4.50

Unbound copies of Volume XIX., if in good condition, will be exchanged for bound copies.

In cloth, with title-page and index, for \$1.25

Half morocco, " " " " 2.00

(Postage on bound volumes, 50 cents.)



HOW HE "ABDICATED."